And hide me with a dead man in his,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me trem ble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweet loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow nigh t looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Sh all keepe his native progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too many ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Iu. Giue

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O te
Fri. Hold get you gone, b
In this resolue, ile send a Frie
To *Mantua* with my letters
Iu. Loue giue me strengt
Farewell deare father.
Enter Father Capul
Seruing me
Ca: So many guests inui
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cu
Ser. You shall haue none
their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou trie
Ser. Marrie sir, tis an ill Cook
therefore he that cannot lick
Ca. Go be gone, we shall b
what is my daughter gone to
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance t
A peeuish selfe willde harlotr
Nur. See where she comes
Ca. How now my headstron
Iu. Where I haue learnt
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, an
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prof
To beg your pardon, pardon
Henceforward I am euer ruld
Ca. Send for the Countie, g
Ile haue this knot knit vp to
Iuli. I met the youthfull L
And gaue him what becomd
Not stepping ore the bounds
Ca. Why I am glad ont, thi
This is ast should be, let me se
I marrie go I say and fetch hi

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3